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## Bach's "Triple Concerto" in D minor. A REMINISCENCE OF BOSTON CONCERTS IN 1853.

The interest attending the revival of this work in Mr. Otto Dresel's present series of concerts, carries us back to the scene of that gentleman's earliest concerts here, held far above the crowd, as it were, in a remote little "upper chamber" upon Tremont Street,—there being no nice Chickering hall at that time. Then it was that he, with brother artists, gave us a first and memorable impression (to fit audience, though few) of Bach's D minor Concerto, the last of the two which the grand old master composed for three pianos, or more properly *clavichords*, with accompaniment of two violins, viola and violoncello. Partly to strengthen by comparison the impression made by that work now, and partly for the pleasure of recalling the fine group of pianists who were its interpreters at that time, we reproduce here some portions of our record of Mr. Dresel's fifth and last Soirée, March 5, 1853. (The other numbers of the programme were a highly original and interesting Trio of Mr. Dresel's for piano, violin, and 'cello; Beethoven's Sonata for violin and piano in F; *Etudes* and other smaller pieces from Chopin and Stephen Heller; and Hummel's Septet, the piano part played by Scharfenberg with full accompaniments—flute, oboe, horn, viola, 'cello, and double-bass, by member of the old "Germania Society."

### THE CONCERTO

From the newest to the oldest;—yet to the audience literally new, while in quality it has the perennial newness and freshness of genius. The Concerto of Sebastian Bach, for three pianos, with string quartet accompaniment,—this was really the great feature of the evening. This work has been much played in Germany of late years; and it is the piece in which Mendelssohn once, in London, distinguished himself to such advantage over Moscheles and Thalberg, by the remarkable cadence which he extemporized, after each had by previous understanding essayed the like at points indicated in the preceding movements; that remarkable triumph has become a tradition in London. Our three pianists attempted no such flights, but adhered to the written text. This Concerto was only for the first time published in 1845, and owes its origin, it is said, to the fact that the father wished to exercise his two oldest sons, W. Friedemann and C. Ph. Emanuel, in all sorts of delivery. Friedemann left the paternal house and went to Dresden in 1733, at the age of twenty-three; Emanuel went to Berlin in 1738, at the age of twenty-four. Hence it is presumed that this Concerto was composed before 1733, and in the most brilliant period of the grand old master's creative activity. The editor of the score directs by way of preface that: "The string accompaniments should be kept subdued and delicate: the three pianos must be of equal strength and excellence, but all the better for a little variety in coloring of tone. The three players must wholly lay aside the more modern style of playing, never raise the dampers, but carry their parts through with sobriety, delicacy, and in strict time. Neither one must wish to be prominent over his fellows, since they all three have equal right, and there are only a few passages more for the first piano. The hammering and lifeless mode of play-

ing, now-a-days sometimes esteemed *Bach-ish*, must be utterly avoided; for the old pianists (harpichordists) sang upon their instruments and delivered the music with warmth, nay with inspiration, and yet *con discrezione*,—or with modesty, as they used to call it."

We think we may say that these conditions were on Wednesday evening pretty nearly fulfilled. Jaell took the first piano, his by right of almost unlimited facility of execution; and his was most distinctly heard, as a matter of course, being the highest part and having more of the expansion and ornamental part of the melody; yet that the second and third, Scharfenberg and Dresel, were not wanting, was evident from the perfect unity with which all moved together, and from the general breadth and fullness of tone, especially where the vigorous and noble themes so often ran in unison. The pianos were three of Chickering's newest, (not exactly equal, the first being of seven, the others of six octaves,) but either of them a "Grand" compared with anything that old Bach's boys had to play on; all of beautiful and refined tone, and great evenness throughout, surpassing even those esteemed his best before his manufactory was destroyed by fire; indeed these new instruments seemed to have come out tried and purified, as it were, from "the refiner's fire." The accompaniments, by Messrs. Schultze and Meisel (violin), Meyer (viola), and Bergmann and Balcke ('cello and contra-basso, on one part,) were delicately and neatly given, though it was difficult to subdue the piercing violin tones fully to the standard of the pianos. Of the music itself what shall we say? Let no one henceforth talk of Bach as "dry" and learned; for here every movement was full of charm, of humanity, of poetry, of wisdom,—in a word of genius, the most sound and wholesome and harmonious. With no pretension, none of the modern straining for effect, no curious episodes, or strange modulations, how the mingling strains of melody flowed on like a full, clear, limpid river, as if from an inexhaustible source, yet with no waste, and to an unwavering goal! The neatness, the transparency, the easy continuous on-flow of the music, so large and strong in the first movement, were perfectly refreshing to the sense and satisfying to the soul; here was "no nonsense," and no stupid gravity in the avoidance thereof. It realized the most loving traditions of Bach. The second movement, in the six eight Siciliano rhythm, opens with the daintiest, and most delicately piquant style of melody that could be imagined—sweet and full of sensibility and poetry, however,—and soon proves its right to be dainty, by melting and running away in a right hearty, frank and affectionately cheerful stream of melody, until the pause, filled by the airy little cadence from Jaell's flying fingers, and the good old-fashioned, orthodox Adagio half-close, leading at once into the Allegro Fugue; of course Bach could not get through without that. And how beautiful the theme of that fugue! how gracefully passed about, till its outline, everywhere reflected in the mingling currents of the instruments, had that unity in variety that you see in the wavy surface of the full mountain brook, descending to the plain, and spreading swiftly yet composedly along over the motley, fairy pebbles and mosses. Every now and then there seemed to be little momentary breaks, where one part after another would nimbly shoot across in a spray of soft and rapid little demi-semi-quavers,—and so, merrily and swimmingly on to the end, which seems the outlet into wider and still waters.

### THE THREE PIANISTS.

The Septet was a luxurious feast of tones. So

was indeed the entire concert. And looking back upon it, one of the most interesting features was the marked, yet harmonious contrast of the three pianists. Dresel, nervous, fastidious, self-exacting, critical, anxiously loyal to an artistic ideal, caring mainly for the music and the master's thought, and despising all parade of mere performance, somewhat moody withal, and with a touch of genius in him;—Jaell, happy as the day is long, plump-full of music to his fingers' ends, revelling in unbound'd faculty of execution, able and happy to interpret (and always with true and characteristic, as well as polished, elegant expression) the works of all sorts of masters,—a sort of young Rossini or Alboni of the piano; and Scharfenberg, the quietest, and most balanced of the three, with less of genius than the first, less of child-like exuberance of strength and nervous energy than the second, yet more of the sound and practical *morale* of a substantial artist, perhaps, than either. He is the natural middle of the group; and all are large and genuine enough to meet like brothers on the common ground of Art. The contrast in their styles of playing is in correspondence with the characters and faces of the men. Jaell has a touch unrivaled for limpid purity and roundness of tone, never shows a painful sign of exertion, and marches smilingly through all the difficult music that anybody ever wrote, as through a perpetual banquet hall. Dresel is as unlike this as possible; his nervous manner, as if in close mortal conflict with difficulties, his crisp, *staccato*, critically nice touch, his sacrifice of literalities and common readings to carefully refined, characteristic conceptions of an author or a *tempo*, his tendency to be himself the poet in his readings of the great-tone poets,—all this charms the like-minded and wins upon the thoughtful, but is apt to prepossess unfavorably those who look most to externals, or who regard a pianist more with reference to his instrument and the right humorizing thereof, or his public and the right humorizing thereof also, than they do with main reference to musical expression. He does not pretend to the character of a great executant and many times would rather see Jaell ride some *cheval-de-bataille* of a favorite master, than mount the hard-mouthed Pegasus himself. Scharfenberg, like a sound, loyal artist, renders all his music with unblemished accuracy, and manly absence of all nonsense and weakness. We may think it a privilege to have heard them all. Would that such fortunate conjunction of good stars might longer last!

### Death of P. Scudo.

(From the Lower Rhine *Musik-Zeitung*.)

It is not long since Fiorentino died, and musical criticism in Paris has again suffered a severe loss: Pierre Scudo, the musical critic of the *Revue des deux Mondes* and some other Parisian periodicals, fell a victim, on the 21st October, at Blois, to the attacks of madness which, for some months previously, had prevented his pursuing his professional avocations and necessitated his retirement from public life.

Scudo was born on the 8th June, 1806, at Venice. He went, however, at an early age to Paris, and, when about eighteen, was admitted into Choron's Musical Institute. How he found his way to France, and what took him to Paris is something we do not know. His eccentric manners rendered him a favorite with his fellow students, among whom was Duprez, afterwards so celebrated as a singer. Choron usually called him his Court Jester. His voice was insignificant, and his musical knowledge still more so; but he possessed an intelligent mind, to which were

added the impulses and nature of an Italian, together with great confidence in himself. As he was continually engaged in musical pursuits at the Institute, his practical education was advanced by the study of classical works, which Choron made his pupils sing, almost to the exclusion of all others. Technical vocal instruction, properly so called, was imparted only in a defective manner, so that Scudo never properly learned how to sing. Notwithstanding this, he was selected, owing principally to his nationality, to sustain a second part in *Il Viaggio a Reims*, an opera composed by Rossini expressly for the coronation of Charles X. in 1824.

In consequence of the Revolution of 1830, Choron's School for Church-Music was closed, and Scudo compelled to look about for some means of gaining a livelihood. From this period, M. Féétis, as he tells us in his *Biographie Universelle*, vol. VII, lost sight of him, but was informed that he became a clarinet player in a regimental band, and, in 1832, was stationed at Nantes. He is said, at the same period, to have plunged into the writings of the theosophers Jacob Böhme, Van Helmont, St. Martin, and others. Féétis mentions the fact as a mere report, but if it be true, now, that Scudo has so unfortunately fallen a victim to mental derangement, it carries with it greater weight than would otherwise have been the case, since it is suggestive of a previous eccentric tendency in his mind. That, however, he devoted the period in question to the task of making up for lost time seems highly probable, and may be asserted with tolerable certainty, from his subsequent appearance as an author.

After his return to Paris, he gave lessons in singing. He wrote, also, a large number of songs, or romances, many of which were published, and, for a time were popular among *dilettanti*. Féétis gives the title of two or three dozen, but passes a very severe judgment on them. What we remember to have seen of them proves, it is true, that composition was not the sphere in which Scudo was destined to shine. In the accompaniments, also, of these romances we perceive what was either a striking want of acquaintance with the elements of harmony, or unpardonable haste.

He did much more in the way of musical criticism, or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, of reporting matters connected with music; for he did not possess sufficient acquirements to write sterling criticism founded upon theoretical analysis of a work of art. We should, however, be doing him injustice were we to go so far as to deny him the musical knowledge necessary for an independent aesthetic opinion on music; and in exactly the same degree that the judgment Féétis passes on him as a composer is correct, what he says about him as a writer on music is ill-natured and unjust. If we leave out of consideration a partiality for the Italians, his countrymen, which sometimes exercised a strong influence on him, Scudo was, above all, one of the few Parisian critics who gave utterance to his conscientious convictions, and never allowed himself to be swayed by any considerations whatever save those of art. He possessed, moreover, a polished and attractive style, especially and laudably remarkable from the fact of his being free from that continual striving after *esprit* which besets so many *feuilleton* writers, and of his never being tempted into coloring his judgment one way or the other for the sake of a witty idea, or into wonning any one personally, although, especially in the last years of his life, he despached many subjects very curtly, and was frequently harsh and dogmatical. As one of the writers, for many years, on the *Revue des deux Mondes*, he had, it is true, succeeded in making himself a sort of authority on musical matters, and in asserting his equality with the other talented contributors to that periodical.

His articles in the *Revue* and other publications he gave to the world under various collective titles in the years 1850, 1854, 1859, 1860, and 1864. He wrote, likewise, a kind of art-romance: *Le Chevalier Sarti*, which has been translated into German. The *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* also reproduced many of his articles,

though often obliged to oppose him, especially in his opinions on German art. On the other hand, however, he expressed unbounded admiration of German and especially Rhenish concert performances, with which he became acquainted only a few years since, while, according to his own assertion, the oratorio choruses transported him into a completely new sphere of artistic enjoyment.

His intellect began to be deranged at the commencement of the present year, and at last, his disease degenerated into downright madness, so that his death—which occurred on the 21st October—must be looked on as a blessing, by all who felt any interest in him.

L. BISCHOFF.

*Cologne, November 5.*

The London *Athenaeum*, in announcing the death of M. Scudo, says :

The rank of French journalists has been just narrowed by the death of M. Scudo, whose writings on music have been long popular with a certain section of connoisseurs, and by the chavity and elegance of their style have made themselves welcome elsewhere than in Paris. Tried, however, without reference to manner, their essential weakness, absence of generosity, and ignorance of all that passed, save in one dearly beloved corner of the world of art, render them valueless for the purposes of reference. Devoted to the elder school of Italian Opera composers and singers (many of whom he idolized only by hearsay), M. Scudo was, among all specious critics of modern times, the most resolute to hold no communion with all that was passing round him. It was so easy to talk of *La Coltellini* (afterwards Madame Mericoffre) as a singer to whom no woman in the later degenerate days was worthy to hold the candle; so easy to repeat, for ever andever, raptures over Cimarosa's "Matrimonio," and Mozart's "Trio of Masks," in "Don Juan," and "Voi che sapete!" Nothing could be more absurd (because of its contemptuous ignorance) than the manner in which M. Scudo would lay down the law concerning music in England, which country (he once avowedly declared in our hearing) contained nothing worth the trouble of a visit. And yet he did not hesitate, therefore, to speak, *ex cathedra*, of our oratorio performances, and of Handel as a fossil composer, and to insult Mendelssohn! M. Scudo became more dogmatic and slighter in his criticisms as years went on; more and more obviously carried away by that overweening temper which, by its bigotry, fancies it can defy time and its inevitable changes of loss and gain. At length his mind, which could never have been a strong or healthy one, gave way; and, after a short period of violent distemper, he died at Blois, in confinement. —The successor of M. Fiorentino as a dramatic critic, M. Horace Viel-Castel,—a duller writer but a far more honest judge than that avowedly purchaseable person,—also, died a few days since, in or near Paris.

## Musical Correspondence.

HALLE, PRUSSIA, Nov. 13.—I promised to write as soon as I should have anything to say; four weeks have passed since my arrival, but only the last has brought fruits worth storing. Halle, indeed, is by no means an unmusical place: how could it be so, when it is the residence of ROBERT FRANZ? But it has its season, and that has only just commenced. Every winter brings a series of four classical subscription concerts, alternating with five of the "Berg" Association, a sort of social club. These, as well as the frequent performances of the "Sing-Akademie," are under the direction of Franz, to whom, also, the University Choir (consisting of students) owe their perfect rendering of the sentences, motets, &c., at the bi-weekly academic service. For years past, too, all the artists, great and small, who visit Leipzig, as the central point of all musical interest, let their light

shine also upon Halle, and find there a critical and appreciative audience.

But also in humbler spheres, a healthy taste and love for music cannot but be cultivated, when an obscure restaurant advertises, joined to creature comforts, programmes like this: Trio by Beethoven; Cello Solo by Kummer; Quartet by Haydn; or: Sonata for Piano and Violin by Beethoven, Trio by Hummel, Quartet by Mozart;—or when an amateur orchestral Union promises (to the accompaniment of beer and pipes, and for a mere nominal price of admission) Beethoven's 7th Symphony, a Pastorale by Bach, Mendelssohn's "Fair Melusina," and a Fantasy from *Lohengrin*! Several times a week, too, the ears of the people are fed by grand old Chorals and Motets, or beautiful secular Quartets by Mendelssohn, Hauptmann &c., from the throats of the singing boys (the same institution to which Luther belonged in his youth) as they wander through the streets and sing before the houses of their patrons. True, distance sometimes lends enchantment to the sound; for a sensitive musical ear may be hurt by an occasional swerving from the true pitch of one or the other of the fresh young voices; but the music still remains, and cannot fail to find its way into the hearts of the hearers.

No less impressive is another old custom still extant in Halle. Every evening, at 9 o'clock, from one of the five towers that lend such beauty to the market-place, the *Thürmer*, or watchman, on some wind instrument, plays a solemn choral, repeating it to each quarter of the globe. Often this is followed by the touching hymn for the dead: "How they so gently rest," ordered by bereaved friends in memory of their departed. The effect is most beautiful: one would almost imagine the strains to come direct from heaven.

The first subscription concert took place last week; the first of the "Berg" series last evening. The orchestra consists of about 40 performers, who are admirably drilled by their leader, E. John, and inspired by Franz as conductor, and they play with much spirit. An orchestra Suite by Bach, Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," a Symphony in D by Haydn, and Cherubini's overture to *Les deux Journées* were the compositions I heard from them. The first pleased and interested me most, in every way. It consists of a *Prelude*, *Aria*, *Gavotte*, *Bourrée*, and *Gigue*, characteristic of the composer throughout, and yet in his most popular and comprehensible style. The first violin was taken by Ferdinand David, (who was announced as one of the solo-performers of the evening), and it was delightful to see how evidently he enjoyed his part, and with what zest Franz and the whole orchestra entered into the thing. The *Aria* was a violin solo inexpressibly beautiful, like a soul; soaring heaven-ward and most exquisitely was it rendered by David. Then came the merry *Gavotte*; fresh and charming as if composed yesterday (only that no one living could have written it); the rough, heavy *Bourrée*, and the stately *Gigue*—calling up to our fancy's eye the lords and dames of old, whose measured movements perchance followed these same strains. In his regular solos, David rather disappointed me. They were mere bravura pieces: a Concerto by Viotti, and a composition of his own; and though his execution was admirable, I found the performance rather tedious. Far more gratifying to me was the playing of Edmund Singer, "Court-virtuoso," from Stuttgart, who appeared at the "Berg" concert. (Query: If a piano-virtuoso is one who is perfect on the piano, a violin-virtuoso, ditto on the violin, what is the perfection of a "Court-virtuoso"?). He produced a violin Concerto of Paganini, and Bach's *Chaconne*, in a manner which carried away all his hearers. Ease of execution, breadth and purity of tone, depth of feeling, artistic refinement, all these are his to a rare degree. I suppose none but Joachim can do justice to the *Chaconne* of Bach, or make it quite clear to

to the unprofessional hearer; but Singer threw more light on it than any one from whom I have ever heard it, and overcame its marvellous difficulties in a masterly manner. The vocal part of these concerts was not of sufficient importance to require particular mention.

A few days ago I had the great satisfaction of hearing, for the first time in my life, a "Gewandhaus" concert in Leipzig. It was with strange feelings that I entered that hall, so far-famed in modern musical history, so fraught with associations of the deepest interest. A description is unnecessary, as better ones than mine would have repeatedly appeared in your Journal;—but for which, indeed, I should have been sadly disappointed in the size and locality of the room. As a whole, the programme was not as perfect as I could have wished to hear; but two of the four numbers were alone worth coming across the ocean to hear.—They were Cherubini's sparkling, vigorous Overture to "*Les Abencerrages*," and Beethoven's *Eroica*. The perfection, the spirit, the *élan* with which these were rendered, surpassed my highest expectations, and delighted me beyond measure. The instruments were so marvellously balanced, the shading so exquisite! there was such unanimity and precision! In the overture, there occurs a piano passage for the violins: I never heard anything so beautifully rendered; it was like the soft rustling of the wind in the tree-tops. And in the crescendos, the *forte* passages, there was a vigor, a life, that made one's pulses throb. But all my expressions of enthusiasm will give no adequate impression of the reality to those who have never been so fortunate as to hear this wonderful orchestra; all that I can say of it only appears very tame compared to my recollections.

The remaining numbers of the programme were a *Characterbild*, "Faust," by Rubinstein, magnificently played, but inappreciable at one hearing; and a Piano Concerto by Mr. Jacques Rosenhain, performed by himself:—a modern composition, executed with modern brilliancy, and in my humble opinion hardly worthy of a place in a Gewandhaus concert.

At present the good people of Halle are all excitement over the expected advent of Carlotta Patti and companions. While all laugh and pretend to be disgusted at Ullmann's flaming placards and pompous advertisements, and groan at the unheard of price of tickets, (1½ and 2 Thalers), the latter are nearly all disposed of, and nothing else is talked about. In my next I will tell you how H U M B U G, though not as much at home in Germany as in America, is as omnipotent here as there.

M.

[The following letter, from our Regular Correspondent, though duly mailed, failed to reach us in season for the last number.]

**NEW YORK, DEC. 6.**—I read your melancholy article on the lost [?] musical importance of Boston, with the greatest sympathy, and now regret that I have no softer balsam for your wounded heart to offer, than a report of such harmonious enjoyments as you seem so much to feel the need of. And yet you have splendid organ, around which all the Boston music-making seems lately to have concentrated itself; organists of all kinds springing out of the earth like grass. We have no such organ here; but we have a Philharmonic Society in New York; one in Brooklyn; and, lest a week should pass without a symphony concert, Mr. THEODORE THOMAS has conceived the happy idea of giving five "Sinfonie-Soirées" during the winter, in which, besides the classical orchestral works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, novelties of all kinds will be produced.

The first Soirée took place in Irving Hall on the 3rd December. The orchestra numbered some fifty

or sixty of our best orchestral players. Here is the programme:

Symphony No. 8, Op. 93. F major..... Beethoven.  
Scena and Aria, "Non più di fiori," (*Clemenza di Tito*).  
Mozart.  
Miss Fanny Raymond.

Concerto in F minor, Op. 21..... Chopin.  
Larghetto and Finale.  
Mr. S. B. Mills.

Suite, Op. 113, "D."..... Fr. Lachner.  
1. Préludium. 2. Variationen und Marsch.  
3. Menuetto. 4. Introduction und Fuge.  
(First time in America.)

Orchestra.

Cavatina, "Ah s'estinto," (*Donna Cartea*). Mendelssohn.  
Miss Fanny Raymond.

Dramatic Symphony, Romeo and Juliet, Op. 17.... Berlioz.

Second Part.

"Romeo-seul"—Tristesse—Concert et Bal—Grand Fête  
chez Capulet." (First time in America.)

Beethoven's 8th Symphony was a happy choice; every time I hear it, I am struck with the absurdity of Féétis' division of Beethoven's works into three styles, or periods. As he already discovers traces of the third style in the 7th Symphony (op. 92), I presume that he classes the symphony in question as belonging to the third manner. Lenz, however, (and of this Féétis seems to be ignorant), proves that the 8th symphony was composed before the 7th. Here is what the learned *Directeur du Conservatoire de Bruxelles* says of the third period: "Without his (Beethoven) being aware of it himself, his originality lost something of its spontaneity in becoming systematic; the bounds within which he had heretofore retained it, were overthrown. Repetitions of the same thoughts were pushed to excess; the development of the subject he had chosen became rambling; the melodic thought was less clear, as it became more dreamy; the harmony bore a certain stamp of hardness, and seemed, from day to day, to bear witness to the weakening of his memory of sound. Finally, Beethoven affected to find new forms, less from the effect of a sudden inspiration, than to satisfy the conditions of a meditated plan. The works written in this direction of the artist's ideas, comprise the third period of his life, and his last manner. This style is already to be noted in the Symphony in A."—Féétis, who piques himself on having discovered a philosophy of music, by which he is enabled to judge the wanderings of our great masters from the path of the beautiful, has made himself ridiculous by his criticism of Beethoven's works. And this very 8th Symphony leads us to suspect that his philosophy is founded upon little, else than arrogance. For this work is so very clear, fresh, original, euphonious in every bar; such a happy mood reigns in the whole, that Beethoven must have been in an excellent humor when he wrote it. Beethoven's philosophy pleases us more than that of M. Féétis.

The orchestral execution was, on the whole, good, although a certain haste and uncertainty were perceptible, especially in the last two movements. It is to be regretted that only two rehearsals were had; and such rehearsals are rather a going through than a thorough study of a work; of course, in them an intelligent penetration of works in all their formal and orchestral details is not to be thought of; nor can the director do everything with his baton.

The Suite, by Fr. Lachner, was played here for the first time. In a favorable sense, it is excellent *capellmeister* music; originality does not come out so strongly in it as the formal and contrapuntal cleverness of the composer; and the effective and thoughtful instrumentation bears witness to the experience of the master in the orchestra. The work pleased very much, and we hope soon to hear the second Suite, which lately appeared, by the same composer. The extract from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony pleased us better than most that we have heretofore heard by Berlioz. But in all his works we experience the feeling of "much ado about nothing." If Berlioz had only as many happy ideas

as orchestral effects, he would be a great master. Depth of conception, free contrapuntal handling of his motives, and their organic development into significant periods, is in a great measure wanting to him. This poverty is not to be ignored, in spite of the most refined orchestral effects.

Miss RAYMOND made her débüt in New York in this concert. The young lady in appearance is pleasing; her voice, a powerful and sonorous mezzo-soprano, exactly fitted for the execution of the broad dramatic *cantilena*. Her upper tones are superb; the medium, of softer timbre; and the lower, not yet compact enough. Her choice of the great Mozart aria from *La Clemenza di Tito*, showed that she had no desire to tread the broad road, laid down with throat-flexibility, which is trodden by most of our concert singers; although in the aria by Mercadante she gave signs of a desire to acquire the Italian style also—but only as means to an end—not with the selfish aim of satisfying personal vanity. How often has it not been regretted, both publicly and privately, that the choice of arias by our concert singers proves their musical poverty and ignorance! Always the same worn-out arias, the same stereotyped cadenzas, the same ear-breaking high tones, the same sentimental tremolizing! If our young singers would only search a little among the rich leaves of the seldom heard Italian, French, and German masters, they would not so soon go out of the "fashion," and we would forgive them a little of their silly "execution." Miss Raymond is at present in the right path, and will not, we trust, wander from it. The Mozart aria she sang finely, and with dramatic truth she gave the great recitative. In the last movement we could have wished for a little more fire; but the miserable accompaniment of the orchestra was anything but encouraging, and had she not been an excellent musician, she could not have carried the aria through in spite of it. In her second aria she was fortunate enough to be really supported by the piano-forte accompaniment of one of our best musicians, Mr. Mosenthal. Miss Raymond had every reason to be satisfied with her success, and the artistic position which she desires as a singer is certain to be hers. We hope to hear her, as she is mistress of the German language, in the songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Robert Franz.

Of the Mozart aria, Otto Jahn says: "The second aria of Vitellia is the pearl of the opera, and unquestionably one of the finest ever written. In a decisive moment, Vitellia resolves to sacrifice her dearest hopes, her life, to the nobler impulses of her soul, whose ambitious striving has been too long directed to a false goal, and raises herself to true greatness thereby. The music characterizes this situation throughout; it becomes a psychological picture which holds its independent signification in itself, and has but a slight connection with the earlier part of the opera, so far as concerns the part of Vitellia. By means of this air, indeed, she steps out of the frame of the opera, and treads the ground of concert music, partly through the introduction of the corno di bassetto, which does not shine by bravura, but is used as a concertizing instrument in response to the voice. Here we have all the elements of perfect unity, the perfect beauty of musical form, while the sharp contrasts of the different motives finely translate the different phases of feeling in detail; and the whole is penetrated with poetic breath, and is so noble, that the artistic satisfaction it awakens makes us forget that it is somewhat out of place amid its surroundings in the opera. The introductory recitative is a masterpiece of wonderful expression; and the proud beauty of the aria is filled with deep and heavy melancholy, that ever increases its charm; as, when we gaze on the Niobe, the feeling of pity is transfigured and purified by that of lofty nobility."

The clever pianist, S. B. MILLS, played two movements from Chopin's F-minor Concerto admirably. His execution is almost blameless. His touch is capable of every shade; and he possesses the certainty and self-possession necessary to play a Concerto. If we have sometimes to find fault with his conception, yet his technical ability is so satisfactory, that it makes us forget in some measure what is lacking in that respect. Mr. Mills has long promised to give soirees of piano-music by classical masters, both old and new. We wish that he would stay short of promises; he would certainly not fail to obtain the necessary support.

The success of Mr. Thomas's undertaking was encouraging for him. We have seldom seen a more musical and critical audience gathered together. If he could manage to squeeze a few more rehearsals out of his orchestra, (for his players were among our best, so that we should have to attribute failure, not success, to accident), his mission would be satisfactorily fulfilled.

LANCELOT.

(Second Letter from the Same.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—The second Philharmonic Concert took place at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening last. The programme was this:

Symphony No. 3 in A minor, Op. 56. .... Mendelssohn.  
Chorus for Male voices, "Die stille Wasserrose". .... Abt.

German Liederkrans of New York.

Under the Direction of Mr. Agricola Paar.

Concerto for Violoncello. .... F. L. Ritter.

Composed for and Dedicated to Mr. F. Bergner.

Overture to "The Magic Flute". .... Mozart.

Chorus for Male voices, "Festgesang an die Künster". .... Mendelssohn.

German Liederkrans of New York.

Descriptive Overture, "King Lear," in C. .... Berlioz.

Conductor, Mr. Theo. Elsfeld.

It is so long since we have had a Mendelssohn Symphony on the programme, that the fine "Scotch" one seemed to us almost a novelty—and a very acceptable one. The performance of the orchestra was hardly so careful and refined in some of its shadings as this symphony requires; still the execution was, on the whole, creditable. Strange to say, the lovely "Magic Flute" overture, the marvel of melody and science, was received with almost perfect indifference by the audience. But the sentimental chorus for male voices, by Abt, (well sung, however, by the Liederkrans) was re-demanded. Can it be possible that twenty-three years of Philharmonic concertizing has not yet raised the taste of the New York public above such a stand-point? If this be the rule, and not the exception, then the society must feel but little encouraged in its efforts. Mr. BERGNER played the violoncello Concerto finely. His tone is clear, pure, and full, and he possesses much power of expression, with a rare mastery over his instrument,—and, what is rarer still, a truly earnest and artistic spirit. Berlioz's overture to "King Lear" closed the concert. We like the work much; it opens with a grandiose theme, which, variously treated, leads into a spirited Allegro; the principal motive of this is contrasted with a somewhat tame cantilena, to which, however, much interest is lent by the fine instrumental coloring which is one of Berlioz's peculiar characteristics.

*L'homme propose, mais*—sometimes engagements interpose. We were sorry we were unable to attend Dr. CUTLER's (so-called) historical concert at Trinity church, which, from all reports, was interesting. Choruses and solos from the best sacred works were performed, besides various organ solos, sacred—and profane. Much good might be accomplished towards the improvement of church music in this city,—for, with some few honorable exceptions, the standard of musical taste in our choirs is at a fearfully low ebb—by more frequent undertakings of this nature.

Italian Opera still goes on at the Academy. "Don Sebastian," by Donizetti, has been the last novelty. The melodies of this opera have less freshness than those of his best compositions, but there are some good dramatic points about the work.

LANCELOT.

(Communicated).

#### CHORAL FESTIVAL AT TRINITY CHURCH.

NEW YORK, DEC. 10. The long expected Choral Festival proved so important and interesting that it demands special notice. The inauguration of the new Chancel Organ was made the occasion for the Festival, and it would have been almost impossible to carry it through successfully without the aid of the new organ, which is intended to supplement the Grand Organ in the Choral service of Trinity Church. It is not a large organ, but a very effective one. It has two manuals, of a compass of 4 1-2 octaves, and a Pedal of a compass of 29 keys; and has 24 registers. Though the number of stops is comparatively small, yet the fact that they all run through the manual will show it to be an effective instrument. It was built by Hall & Labagh, after plans by Dr. Cutler. It occupies a position on one side of the chancel, elevated about eight feet from the floor, and is supported by a frame work extending through the stone wall which divides the chancel from the aisle. It has no case, but the larger metal pipes are displayed at full length, both in front and on the sides, and are to be decorated in gold and colors.

The Festival was of a character common in England, but never before introduced in this country. The exercises began on Wednesday, December 7th, at noon, and were performed by a choir of one hundred male voices, mostly boys, being the united choir of Trinity Church, New York, Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, and Church of the Advent, Boston, under the direction of Dr. CUTLER, the accomplished organist of Trinity. The singers were clad in surplices, after the manner of the choir boys of the Church of England. The first part of the programme was an interesting lecture on music, by Rev. Dr. VINTON, of Trinity Church, which was illustrated by several choral performances of different styles of music, as follows:

1. Gregorian Chant. .... Gregory the Great, a.d. 590. "Canticum Domini Novum."

All voices on the melody, without organ, as in ancient times.

2. German Chorale. .... Luther, a.d. 1529.

3. The Angel Trio. .... from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

Master Coker, Ehrlrich and Grandin, of Trinity Choir,

This was magnificently sung and commanded the most earnest attention of the audience.

4. Chorale. .... James Turle.

5. Chant "7th Psalm of the Psalter." .... James Turle.

6. Organ Performance. .... Selections from Handel's

"Israel in Egypt."

In which Mr. George W. Morgan displayed his wonderful command of the pedals.

7. Organ Fantasia. With Pedal Obligato. .... Cutler.

Founded on the Rev. John Henry Hopkins' celebrated Carol,

"We three Kings of Orient are."

This fantasia was in polyphonic style, in which Dr. Cutler is especially admirable, both as composer and executant.

8. Solo and Chorus. .... Handel's "Messiah."

"O thou that telllest."

Solo by Master Grandin.

Contralto of Trinity Choir. Sung in a very clear and effective voice.

9. Duet and Chorus. .... Handel's "Judas Maccabeus."

"Hail Judea, happy land!"

Duet, by Masters Tate and Jamison.

10. Solo. .... Handel's "Samson."

"Total Eclipse."

Mr. Samuel D. Mayer.

Mr. Mayer's clear voice rendered this beautiful solo with excellent effect.

11. Solo. .... Handel's "Messiah."

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Master Ehrlrich.

One of the sopranos of Trinity Choir. Sung with excellent finish and expression.

12. Luther's Judgment Hymn. Organ Accompaniment by

Mr. S. P. Taylor, probably the oldest organist in this country.

Born soon after Handel's time.—Now eighty-five years of age.—Began his musical career seventy-six years ago as a

choir boy in England.—Has played the organ since the age of twelve.—Came to America in 1806.—Was appointed organist at Christ Church, Ann Street, New York in 1807.—Was the first to introduce the chant in church service in New York.

Part II.

1. Solo. .... Handel's "Judas Maccabeus."

"Sound an Alarm!"

Mr. George L. Weeks, Jr.

This was given in a very energetic and effective manner. It was accompanied on the Chancel Organ by Mr. W. H. WALTER, of Trinity Chapel, and on the grand organ by Dr. CUTLER.

2. Solo. .... Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

Master Richard Coker, First Soprano Trinity Choir.

This was the most interesting solo of all. Master Coker's beautiful soprano voice created a marked sensation, and was listened to with breathless attention.

3. Air. .... from Haydn's "Creation."

Mr. George E. Aiken.

4. Gloria. .... from Haydn's 2d Mass.

The solos were finely rendered by Masters Coker and Pratt, and Messrs. Weeks and Giles.

5. Offertoire, for the Organ (abridged). .... L. Wely.

Mr. George W. Morgan.

6. Quartet. .... from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

This beautiful Quartet was without accompaniment, and was given with fine feeling and delicate expression. The voices were well balanced.

7. Toccata in F. .... Mr. Charles J. Hopkins. Bach.

Here was the true organ music, and justice was done it by Mr. Hopkins. The effect was glorious. If there is an organ in the country which for power and grandeur may dispute the palm with the Great Organ in the Boston Music Hall, it is that of Trinity Church. Let the reader may regard this as an exaggeration let him consider that there are upon the *Manuals* of this organ six sixteen-foot stops, two of these being 16 feet reeds; besides these, a 32 foot open stop in the Pedals. [If, indeed.—ED.]

8. Handel's Grand Hallelujah Chorus.

Accompanied by the full power of both organs, and rendered with splendid power and precision. The vast edifice seemed to surge and rock as wave after wave of the rich music poured into it from the laboring organs and the pealing voices of the choir. It was an admirable and fitting climax to all that had preceded.

The accompaniments on the Grand Organ, whenever it was used in connection with the Chancel Organ, were by Mr. W. H. WALTER, organist of Trinity Chapel, New York.

Though the weather was exceedingly unfavorable, on Wednesday, the church was well filled. It was repeated on Thursday evening, and so great was the desire to attend, that though it was advertised to commence at eight o'clock, at seven every seat and every spot of standing room was occupied; it was estimated that over one thousand persons were unable to gain admission.

For this reason, it was repeated again on Friday evening, and to a crowded audience. It was a notable event in our musical history and will be long remembered by every one who took part in it, or had the pleasure of listening. It is intended to make it an annual Festival, and it will become an important institution; it must have a most pure and healthy influence upon public taste, especially in the matter of Church music. The superiority of a choir of male voices over one of mixed voices, in the elements of unity, precision and energy, must be apparent to every listener. [?—ED.] The admirable fulness, nerve, and vigor of the boys' voices is the proper counterpart to the solid and substantial timbre of the voices of men.

The responsibility of this Festival has been entirely on the shoulders of Dr. Cutler, and to his untiring zeal and energy is due the credit of it. Those who assisted have faithfully done their best. Their reward will be the remembrance of a true success.

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PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 18.—The first soiree of Messrs. WOLFSOHN and THOMAS was a most agreeable affair. The Schumann quartet (piano and strings) was the chief attraction. Mr. Thomas played Vieuxtemps' *Concerto Appassionata*. Despite

fine fine performance, it seemed out of place in a classical concert. The same may be said of Mr. Wolfsohn's "Faust" transcription. A suite of short piano pieces ("Album-Blaetter"), by Mr. Wolfsohn, was much admired.

Another active agency in encouraging and improving the taste for good music is the "Philadelphia Quintette Club." This organization was formed early last summer, and consists of Messrs. GAERTNER, JARVIS, M. H. CROSS, PLAGEMANN and CHARLES SCHMITZ. Their weekly matinées are well attended, and the enterprise seems successful.

Mr. C. SCHMITZ has been frequently mentioned in these letters as one of our most excellent performers on the violoncello. He was recently elected as conductor of the "Germania Orchestra," vice CARL SENTZ. As Mr. Schmitz is the youngest member of the society, this confidence implies a great compliment. We can only regret that the Germania is the best and largest orchestra we dare boast of. There is certainly enough material among us for the composition of a band larger and better than Mr. Schmitz's orchestra. Why will none of the musical fraternity do something to prove that large orchestral works can be produced in one city.

5.

## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

**THEATRE LYRIQUE.** The correspondent of the *Orchestra*, Nov. 1, writes :

M. Carvalho, in resuming the management of this theatre, has completely changed the character of its *répertoire*, and with the exception of "Faust," and Grétry's "Epreuve Villageoise," seems to count on the importation of the works of Italian and German composers as the surest way to induce the public to patronize his theatre. The first opera he produced, "Rigoletto," was successful; "Don Pasquale" was also favorably received, and his third essay, "Violetta," with Mlle. Nilsen as the heroine, will, I think, encourage him to persevere in his idea.

Mlle. Nilsen is a pupil of M. Wartel, who, many years back, held an honorable position in our opera as the *supplément* of Adolphe Nourrit. Latterly he has devoted his attention to teaching, and his first pupil was Mlle. Trebelli, now Mlle. Trebelli-Bettini. You see he began well. His second is Mlle. Nilsen, for I can hardly mention his son, who has not voice enough to count as one of the singers of M. Carvalho's troupe, but whose excellent qualities as comedian render him very useful in such parts as *Sparafucile*, in "Rigoletto," *Françatirpa*, in "Reine Topaze;" in fact what are technically termed "character" parts. Mlle. Nilsen (country-woman of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt) is very young; only nineteen. She is tall, with fair hair, expressive features, extremely lady-like, and has one of the most beautiful voices (particularly in the upper notes) I have heard for a long time. She was very nervous, and the "Brindisi" was not given so brilliantly as a more experienced artist would have sung it; but she fought bravely against her emotion, and at the end of the first act had made a favourable impression on the audience. This impression increased as the piece went on, and at the end she had achieved a decided success. She sang much better the second time, on Saturday. Some few days ago I expressed a wish that this year might give us some Malibran "*en herbe*." I'm not quite sure that Mlle. Nilsen will not turn out to be the treasure we seek. If she works carefully, I believe in a great success hereafter. The only objection I have to make is, that I think her a year too young for a Paris theatre. Had she spent some few months in trying her powers in the provinces, I think it would have been wiser. The house was crowded on the first night; and among the persons assembled to witness the *début* I noticed Mlle. Adelina Patti, and Madame Doche, who first played the part at the Gymnase.

**THEATRE ITALIEN.** Among the performances of the last month were *Roberto Devereux*, with Fraschini, Delle Sodie and Mme. De la Grange; *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with Adelina Patti, Naudin and Scalese (whom some call the best *buffo* since Lablache); *Rigoletto*, *Il Barbier*, *Traviata*, and *Don Giovanni*, of which the *Musical World's* correspondent says :

On Sunday *Don Giovanni* was given at the Italiens

with the following cast :—Donna Anna, Madame Lagrange; Elvira, Mlle. Vanderbeck; Zerlina, Mlle. Adelina Patti; Don Giovanni, Signor Delle-Sodie; Ottavio, Signor Baragli; Leporello, Signor Scalese; the Commendatore, Signor Antonnecci. Take away Mlle. Patti, Signor Scalese, and perhaps Mlle. Vanderbeck, whose Elvira was more than respectable, and the cast is literally below criticism, and quite unworthy of the Italian Opera of Paris. I did not witness the performance on Sunday, but shall attend the next, were it for nothing else than to hear and see Mlle. Patti in Zerlina, which is adorable. The Sisters Marchisio appear shortly in *Semiramide*.

**BRIGNOLI**—our spoiled tenor—after hissing discomfiture in Spain, which they say was undeserved—made a successful debut Nov. 27th in *Marta*; Patti singing the part of "mi-lady"; Mme. Merle-Lablae, that of Nancy, and Delle-Sodie and Scalese the other male parts. Patti was to sing also in *Linda*, and as Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*.

**GRAND OPERA.** The new piece, *Roland à Roncevaux*, by M. Mermel, appears to hold its ground, and has frequent repetitions, breaking the never-ending round of the Meyerbeer, Halévy and Rossini Grand-Opera works *par excellence*. Of these, during November, there came round *La Juive*, with Villaret as the Jew, Obin, the Cardinal, Mlle. Sax, Rachel, Mlle. de Taisy, the princess, and Warot, as the prince; *Guillaume Tell*, *Le Trouvere* (Trovatore) with Miles. Sax and Sannier, MM. Morére and Du-mestre;—*Huguenots* (Sax, Morére, Obin and Faure); Rossini's *Comte Ory*, and on the same evening the first performance of a Conservatory prize Cantata, *Ivanhoe*, by M. Sieg, pupil of Ambrose Thomas.—The *Orchestra* correspondent has had a peep at Meyerbeer's mysterious posthumous "*L'Africaine*," now under rehearsal, and lets this much of the cat out of the bag :

In Act 1 the scene is laid in Lisbon, and we find Inès (Mlle. Marie Battu) deplored the loss of her lover, *Vasco di Gama*. She is confirmed in her belief in his death by her father, *L'Amiral* (M. Castelmary), and her future husband, *Don Pedro* (M. Belval), for whom (he being a basso) she has not the slightest affection. (Did you ever hear of a *basso* who was successful in his love-making? I except of course Peters in the "*Etoile du Nord*," but even he is now played by baritone.)

*Vasco di Gama* is not dead; he has returned from his voyage, and in the finale we find the *Grand Inquisiteur* and other wise men of Lisbon assembled under the presidency of *Don Pedro* to discuss the plans he proposes for a second voyage. He recounts his travels, tells of the countries he has discovered, and the perils he has passed through; and to prove the truth of his statement, he brings forward, as witnesses, two captives: *Célika*, Queen of Madagascar (Mlle. Saxe), and *Nelusko* (M. Faure). They, however, disappoint his expectations, and refuse to say a single word. The council in a scene of great confusion, some being for and some against *Vasco*, proceed to vote; and the result proclaimed by *Don Pedro* (who intends turning his rival's discoveries to his own advantage), is unfavorable to our hero. He, forgetting the respect due to the court, abuses his judges, and is recompensed by a most effective *anathème* pronounced against him by the *Grand Inquisiteur*.

In the second act, *Vasco* is in prison. He sleeps; and in his dreams pronounces the name of *Inès*, much to the sorrow of *Célika*, who, notwithstanding her attack of muteness in the previous act, is devotedly attached to him. *Nelusko* enters, designing to revenge himself on *Vasco* by taking his life. The air sung by Faure in this situation is one of the great effects of the two acts now ready, and will become classic in the Baritone repertoire. *Vasco* awakes, and this would-be assassin retires in confusion. Our traveller's thoughts dwell continually on his voyages, and he draws a rude map of his discoveries on his prison wall. *Célika*, who observes him attentively, and who appears to have a natural genius for geography, corrects the faults of his design, and points out the real track he has until now sought in vain, and he in his thankfulness tells her he loves her (of course the "*je t'aime*"), and we have the necessary "situation" for a love duet. *Inès* and *Don Pedro*, attended by *Nelusko*, arrive just in time to witness the end of this tender scene. *Inès* tells her lover that she has married *Don Pedro* in order to secure his liberation from captivity. *Vasco* declares that he has never loved her; that *Célika* is only a

slave, and that he gives her into her power. *Don Pedro*, who has also something to say, announces that he is named by the Council chief of the expedition which *Vasco* had promised to undertake, and the second act ends with a finale in which the despair of *Inès* and her lover are the most prominent features.

The song at the commencement of the opera in which *Inès* mourns the loss of her lover is thoroughly German in character, and is one of the most charming "Lieder" I have ever heard. A well written terzetto for *Inès*, her father, and *Don Pedro* follows; but the great effect of the first act is in the finale. It begins with a march as fine as that of the "*Prophète*," which is followed by a phrase sung in unison by the basses, which plays a great part throughout the finale, and is worked out with all the science for which Meyerbeer was so distinguished. We have *Vasco's* grand recitative, the *anathème*, and the act finishes with a well written and exciting *allegro*. In the second act I noticed a *berceuse* for *Célika*, the second part of which, sung when she hears *Vasco* pronounce in his sleep the name of *Inès*, is by its passionate character in strong opposition to the quiet charm of the opening phrase. I have already mentioned the great effect of Faure's air. In the finale there are a fine sexto without accompaniment and a well written *strette*; and the act concludes with a new effect, an unaccompanied ensemble which (unlike "*La Calunnia*" in Rossini's "*Barbiere*") *ra diminuendo* until the curtain falls. Every one is doing his best to make the execution worthy of the great composer. The two *chefs de service*, MM. Vauthrot and Victor Massé, are indefatigable. M. Naudin is working hard to rid himself of his Italian accent, and no doubt when the opera is ready for the public our new tenor will be quite equal to the difficult task he has undertaken.

**PARIS POPULAR CONCERTS.**—A correspondent of the *London Musical World*, writes :

"Being in Paris last Sunday, the 6th inst., I attended the "*Concert Populaire*" of classical music, given at the Cirque Napoléon, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. It is now four years since M. Pasdeloup so successfully inaugurated these Sunday afternoon concerts; and the one I am going to notice was the third of the first series of the present season. The following was the programme :—

Overture, " <i>Ruler of the Spirits</i> ".....	Weber.
Symphony in G minor.....	Mozart.
Allegretto un poco agitato (Lobgesang).....	Mendelssohn.
Concerto in F flat (No. 2).....	Beethoven.
Suite in D, for Orchestra.....	Franz Lachner.

I was agreeably surprised to find a closely packed audience of nearly 4000 persons, listening with the most religious attention from first to last, to a kind of music with which certainly they are not familiar, and showing, throughout, real judgment in their manifestations of approval. The orchestra over which M. Pasdeloup presides is both numerous and efficient, and I was particularly pleased with the precision and brilliancy of the stringed instruments. The double basses especially (twelve in number) appeared to me strikingly sonorous. The flutes, oboes, and clarinets on the contrary, I found rather weak, and altogether not to be compared with the performers in our London orchestras. Weber's overture was correctly played, but lacked spirit and enthusiasm. Mozart's symphony went better, although the *andante* was taken provokingly quick. The *minuet*, however, made amends, and pleased so much that it was vociferously encored. The beautiful movement in G minor from Mendelssohn's symphony to the *Lobgesang*, was taken a shade too fast, and was rather deficient in accent and color. A repetition, nevertheless, was unanimously called for, and granted accordingly. Beethoven's easy, but not the less acceptable, piano-forte concerto was the most complete and satisfactory performance of the whole concert, firstly because M. Ritter really played it to perfection (introducing a clever and effective *cadenza* of his own) and, secondly, because it was splendidly accompanied by the orchestra. M. Ritter was greatly applauded at the end of each movement, and after the *finale* was rewarded by a general call, in which the orchestra joined. Of F. Lachner's *Suite*, the variations had the lion's share, being the most attractive part of the work, and meeting with a very animated performance on the part of the orchestra. As conductor, M. Pasdeloup seems very zealous and painstaking, though at times he is over anxious and gets fidgety in consequence. His readings are generally correct enough, but mostly wanting in refinement.

**DRESDEN.**—Here is the programme of the whole series of the six monthly subscription Concerts by

the Royal Capelle (orchestra), beginning October 26th :

Among the works performed will be, at the First Concert : Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini ; "Suite," No. 2 (E minor) Franz Lachner (first time) ; *Sinfonia Eroica* (No. 3, E flat major), L. v. Beethoven.—Second Concert : Overture to Byron's *Manfred*, R. Schumann ; Serenade, composed in 1779 at Salzburg ; Mozart (first time of performance ; this work is at present entirely unknown) ; Concert-Overture (A major), J. Rietz ; Symphony (D major), J. Haydn.—Third Concert : Symphony (D minor), R. Volkmann (first time) ; Overture to *Die Schöne Melusine*, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy ; Concert-Overture (D minor), F. Heller (first time) ; Symphony (No. 1, C major), L. v. Beethoven.—Fourth Concert : Overture, Op. 124, L. v. Beethoven ; Symphony (A major), C. Reinecke (first time) ; Concert-Overture (D major), F. Grützmacher (first time) ; Symphony (D major), Joseph Haydn, No. 33 of Simrock's edition.—Fifth Concert : Symphony (F major), Theodore Gauvy (first time) ; Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, R. Schumann ; Symphony (No. 3, A minor, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy).—Sixth Concert : Overture ("Im Hochland") N. W. Gade ; Symphony (No. 1, C major), C. M. von Weber ; Overture to *Rosamunde*, F. Schubert ; and Symphony (No. 4 B flat major), L. v. Beethoven.

**LEIPZIG.**—Classical Leipzig has been wandering after strange gods, going into a *furore* about Ullman's blazing posters and his Carlotta Patti concerts. Shades of Bach and Mendelssohn, what are we coming to ! "All we like sheep have gone astray!" Luckily a day of repentance was at hand ; the good old Saxon autumnal *Busstag* (i. e. Fast Day), which was improved (so writes the *Orchestra man*) after this manner :

On the *Busstag* itself, as is here the custom, the *Riedelscher Verein* gave a concert of sacred music in the Thomas Church. Herr Riedel may have thought that our constitutions were so enervated by the Patti dissipation of the previous days that nothing but a strong course of Bach could restore their tone ; for the programme was entirely selected from the works of that uncompromising composer, who himself, though, dearly loved a trip to Dresden to hear the "pretty Italian songs." The specimens selected were the "Magnificat" ; the cantata, "Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit;" and the Second Part of the "Weihnachts-Oratorium." The unfavorable position of the orchestra and the bad acoustical properties of the Thomas Church are even more painfully perceptible in the elaborate part-writing of Bach than in the broader style of Handel. Few of Bach's works are more elaborate than this five-part "Magnificat," for to these five voice parts a most complicated orchestral accompaniment is added, the instruments themselves being sometimes divided into two, at times even into three, choirs. The performance, mainly, perhaps, owing to the above-mentioned causes, was most unsatisfactory. But some parts still showed how grand they might be if heard under favorable conditions.

The "Weihnachts-Oratorium" is a collection of six cantatas written for the festivals at Christmas, New Year, and the Epiphany. Bach could never write a piece of music at any length without some amount of complication ; but, as a whole, the "Weihnachts-Oratorium" is less elaborate and more genial than many of his larger works. It also offers a striking instance of the great Cantor's prudent economy. In his time hardly any festive event was celebrated without the aid of music, and composers were continually called upon to provide occasional compositions, which, as is, and has been, the fate of such works, enjoyed (and deserved) the most ephemeral existence. Bach was not content to compose worthless music, even to oblige a crowned head ; still less to allow his work to fall into oblivion. He set himself to the task with a will, and generally, although the texts he had to set to were anything but inspiring, succeeded in producing a masterpiece. But how was a piece written for a special occasion to survive for future generations ? Bach went very simply to work ; he merely struck out the old text, and with little or no alteration of the music, except, perhaps, occasional transpositions and changes of obligato instruments, substituted a new text suitable to some church festival. Such proceedings were only possible at a time when the distinction between church and secular music was so little marked. No less than eleven of the most important numbers of the "Weihnachts-Oratorium" owe their origin to occasional cantatas in praise of various royal personages. The portion heard in this performance treats of the Angelic vision

of the Shepherds. The Pastoral Symphony is most lovely ; the orchestra is divided into two groups, one consisting of flutes, strings, and organ, the other of two oboi d'amore and two oboi da caccia, now represented by clarinets and "English horns;" these two choirs respond to and mix with each other, but always keep their own character. Very sweet and soothing is the alto air "Schlafe mein liebster" in which the four oboes are again employed ; few more tender cradle songs have ever been written. The "Angels' Hymn" is a noble composition. In the last number, a choral, the four oboes bring in, as a counterpoint, the subject of the opening symphony. The whole oratorio would be too long for performance, but a most interesting selection might be made from it ; it would show the master in his most amiable, as well as in his learned humor. The solo singers were Fräulein Alvesleben and Frau Krebs ; Michalevi of Dresden, Herr Schild of Leipzig, and Herr Krause of Berlin. They all acquitted themselves satisfactorily ; of the chorus I have already spoken. The orchestra could hardly be recognized as that which plays in the Gewandhaus, so deleterious is the effect of the locality. When will wealthy Leipzig build a proper concert room ?

**DRESDEN.**—The Dresden Theatre has been trying an interesting experiment—the performance of Sophocles, great trilogy on three successive evenings. The first tragedy "*Oedipus*," was given with Lachner's music ; the others, "*Oedipus in Colonus*" and "*Antigone*," with Mendelssohn's. Some friends who were at the second concert of the Dresden Court orchestra speak of a serenade by Mozart, composed in 1779, but only now publicly performed, as an unlucky experiment in exhumation, the work being tedious and without a spark of the Mozart fire. The orchestra, they add, is not to be compared with that of the Gewandhaus.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 24, 1864.

### Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

#### SIXTEENTH SEASON.

A fine clear winter evening, a rarity in these times, favored the opening of a new series of classical chamber concerts. Right welcome was the opportunity, for sometime deferred and doubtful, to not a few who hardly know how to pass a winter without any hearing of the Quartets, Quintets, Trios, of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c. We are sorry that our friends of the Quintette Club felt obliged to begin so timidly, announcing only half as many concerts as they used to do in better times, when they occurred once a fortnight. Now the promise is of four monthly feasts. So few, and far between, they ought to be very good ones ; so choice in programme, in style and feeling of interpretation, and in the quality of the outside assistance, as to really satisfy the exacting few who can always be relied upon to show an interest in such concerts when they are up to the mark, and to radiate abroad some new and more wide-spread enthusiasm for the thing. Last Tuesday's experiment was measurably successful. The audience at Chickering's was more than middling, though not so large as we could wish to see ; nor did it contain nearly all of just the persons whom one likes to see. The Club, so far as their own performance went, seemed to have studied well to do their best, and in their rendering of the two main articles, the Quintet and the Quartet, were at least well up to the more creditable records of their fifteen years' experience. The concomitant "attractions" (to speak after the manner of managers) were more or less potent and rewarding as they chimed in with the tone and temper of this, that and the other individual listener. Let the programme tell the story.

1. 15th Quintet, in C Minor—in four parts.....Onslow.
1. Moderato espressivo.
2. Presto (Delire).
3. Andante (Convalescenza).
4. Allegro Vivace (Gaietone—Recovery).
2. Songs, "Supplication" and "Summer".....Robert Franz.
3. Rondo Brilliant, for Piano and Violin.....Franz Schubert.
4. Song, "The Cottage," No. 1. Op. 119. Robert Schumann.
5. Scherzo, in B flat Minor, for Piano Solo.....Chopin.
6. 13th Quartet, in B flat. Op. 130.....Beethoven.
1. Adagio non troppo and allegro.
2. Presto.
3. Andante con moto ma non troppo.
4. Allegro Assai—Alta danza tedesca.
5. Adagio con molto espressione—Cavatina.
6. Finale—Allegro.

The great feature of this concert was, of course, that second of the six so-called "posthumous" Quartets of Beethoven. As long as we could have that alone, we had no right to complain. The Club first introduced it to us four years ago, when they played it twice ; since then they have suffered it to remain silent, while they have given us some first tastes of the next in order of those great and wonderful tone-poems, the Quartet in C-sharp minor. Who was not glad to come back to this one in B flat again ? It is the more readily appreciable of the two ; at least, the more engaging at a number of points which are pretty sure to take hold of the listener and carry him along with wonder and delight. If we could judge by our own feeling, and by that sort of still magnetic sense of sympathy which one always has in a like-minded audience, the power and beauty of the work as a whole were generally felt and owned, however imperfectly it was understood. To know and understand such a work fairly, is only possible after many closely attentive hearings and in happy moments. It is no small credit to the skill and unanimity with which the performers dealt with this difficult problem, that they secured such continuous and pleased attention throughout the six important movements. The first movement is a perpetual struggle and alternation between two moods, the sombre, musing *Adagio*, and impatient snatches of *Allegro*, in which one of the four parts by a sort of pointed challenge seems to set the others whirling off in mad roulades ; these two moods dispute the field a long time. What does it mean ? Why ask ? The *Presto* in B-flat minor is exceedingly bright and light and humorous ; and the way that the Trio thereof (in the major) seems to weep itself down through several chromatic scales, in the upper violin, back to the minor theme, is strangely original. The long *Andante* (No. 3) is most crowded with meaning and with original traits of beauty, as well as most complicated in its polyphonic structure, its interweaving and offsetting of voices, its restless refinement of rhythmical variation. Yet what a unity you feel in it, what a hold it keeps on you ! What a richness of soul in it ! Surely loneliness and deafness had their compensation ! Again the mood shifts from serious to gay ; the *Danza Tedesca*, German dance, is so exquisitely graceful, with such a swing to it, that you are at once among the *Bürschen* and the *Mädchen* joining hands and swinging with the music. What remarkable variations it takes on too, as it waxes more excited ; how the quick semiquaver figure of the violin keeps widening its intervals, like the widening circles of a top wobbling off its centre ; think of the caprice of letting the upper violin, going on in this swift figure, suddenly dip once from the G in *alt* to G below the lines, three octaves, and back again ! No wonder the other parts just touch a

note here and there breathlessly, in their effort to keep up. And then the dance retreats in fragments out of hearing, like the waltz in *Frey-schütz*. The *Adagio* (No. 5) has a heavenly depth, serenity and fulness; and then the *Allegro Finale* goes off happy and jubilant, with a sort of pastoral contentedness; some marked phrases, especially one that runs along in the bass, recalling well-known features in the Pastoral Symphony.

The Quintet by Onslow undertakes a like variety and contrast of expression, but how much more consciously and superficially! We liked the first and third movements best; especially the third, which treats of "convalescence," and by its rich, tranquil harmony, relieves the not very edifying "delirium" of the *Presto*.

Miss ALICE DUTTON, "the child pianist," pupil of Mr. Lang, has most remarkable execution and musical memory for a child. If this were not the age of "wonder children," it would have been astounding to hear her play that Scherzo of Chopin so correctly, clearly, with instantaneous firm grasp of its crowded chords, with due regard to contrast, and entirely without notes. So too in the Schubert Rondo with Mr. SCHULTZE. Extraordinary for a child; but then these things are not child music. They belong to the deeper experiences of adults. No child can *feel* them, or do more than imitate their outward expression from some model;—at least, except in the cases of rare spiritual precocity and *genius*. There was nothing to show that this precocity was anything more than mechanical, executive, this expression anything more than imitation. The inevitable consequence is, that a real lover of such music misses the soul of it in any such rendering, however remarkable in a technical point of view. What deeper and more inward qualities are yet to develop themselves in this young girl, we may not conjecture; but now it looks very much as if all composers, all music of all moods, were pretty much alike to her, and that the docility and energy and skill we see were merely gymnastic. It is well to learn all that, and we hope it is laying the foundation for much more in due time. But we do not believe in bringing child players before the public, for their own sakes; while, for the sake of classical music and classical audiences, we think the Quintette cannot hold their own by bringing in the aid of "wonder children" instead of artists. The selection of the *music*, however, showed the best intention. So did the selection of Miss RYAN's songs. She sang the two by Franz better than that by Schumann, especially the first one: "*Weil auf mir, du dunkles Auge*. Her voice grows richer and more sympathetic, with a little too much still of the unmodulated all-open organ tone. The songs required a finer and less mechanical accompaniment.

The second concert will take place on Tuesday evening, Jan. 17.

#### Otto Dresel's Concerts.

Mr. DRESEL must have the feeling of success, both with himself and with his audience; such success as does not always crown effort so high and uncompromising. His last two concerts came upon the stormiest and worst of nights; and yet all were there, and many more. The last time, Chickering's Hall was more than comfortably filled.—The programme of the third Concert (Dec. 10) was as follows:

1. Concerto for Three Pianos in C major. . . . J. S. Bach.
2. Pastoral Symphony from the Christmas Oratorio. J. S. Bach.
3. Concerto. . . . Rob. Schumann.
4. Intermezzo and "Phantasiestück". . . . Otto Dresel.
5. Larghetto, from 2nd Symphony. . . . Beethoven.
6. Novelette, E. major. . . . Rob. Schumann.
7. "Nachtigall." Etude, G flat. . . . Rob. Franz.
8. "Child falling asleep" from the "Kinderszenen." Schumann.
9. Liszt's transcription of "Der Bote," Song by Rob. Franz.
10. Impromptu, E flat. . . . Ferd. Hiller.
11. "Rindernaschreien," Etude. . . . Moscheles.
12. Berceuse and Finale from Second Concerto. . . . Chopin.
13. Adagio and Finale from Second Concerto. . . . Chopin.

The selections from Bach and from the Chopin Concerto were repetitions from the two first concerts. The triple Concerto was played by the same three pianists (Messrs. LANG, LEONHARD, and PARKER), and with the same admirable artist unity and true feeling as before, Mr. Dresel playing the string accompaniments on a fourth piano. We need not say that it was keenly relished. Still more so the Pastoral Symphony; that leaped into popularity at once. The two pianos (Dresel and Leonhard) embodied, we suppose, the two contrasted groups of orchestral instruments described in the account of a Fast Day concert in Leipzig (in Bach's own *Thomas-Kirche*) in another column.

The principal novelty of the evening was the Concerto by Schumann (orchestral accompaniments on a second piano), which is a work of great reach and remarkable interest. It is as brilliant as it is genial, taxing the powers of the pianist to the utmost. The first and last movements may have seemed long to many; and indeed they are long, considering to what an intense pitch the *appassionato* is strained up. But the lovely *Intermezzo* is a most refreshing rest between the two; and there are charming and original side thoughts and surprises in the midst of the two long fiery movements, especially that *staccato* chord theme in the first, which relieve the strain. The execution was masterly.

Of the smaller piano pieces, none seemed to give greater satisfaction than the two of Mr. Dresel's own composition; dainty thoughts moulded into perfect form. The *Novelette* by Schumann, was a most acceptable repetition. Liszt is the master of masters in the art of transcription of songs, making the piano at the same time sing the song, clothe it with its own accompaniment, and illustrate it with significant embellishment which is the true reflection of its own poetic spirit. It is here, we think, that we find Liszt's *genius*, rather than in his large efforts at original production, "*Symphonies-Poétiques*," or what not. It is to his credit that he so appreciates and loves to illustrate the songs of Franz. Nothing could be more exquisitely fine and truthful than his aeolian harp-like embellishments of the song "*Der Bote*," which means "*The Messenger*"; the maiden hangs her cythorn at the door, and tells the night breeze to creep over its strings and bear the tones away over the hills to her sweetheart. It was played to a charm.

Mr. Dresel finds great enjoyment in arranging choice movements of Symphonies, &c., for the piano. And few musicians can do it so well, retaining and reproducing so much of the essential instrumentation; in fact, giving a faithful and effective line engraving, as it were, of the masterpiece of painting. We have heard orchestras play that Larghetto of the 2nd Symphony when we have realized its beauty less. After such a *study*, you will hear it from an or-

chestra the next time with a new interest and a more *clairvoyant* sense.

This was the programme of the fourth concert:

1. Concerto. . . . Rob. Schumann.
2. Mazourka, B major, op. 56.
3. Etude, G flat. . . . Rob. Franz.
4. Mazourka, B minor. . . . 33.
5. Impromptu, F sharp. . . . Chopin.
6. Brakowink, Rondo. . . . Chopin.
7. Sonata, D minor. . . . Beethoven.
8. "Rindernaschreien," Etude. . . . Moscheles.
9. Liszt's transcription of the Hungarian March, by Schubert.
10. Berceuse and Finale from Second Concerto. . . . Chopin.

This time, for a variety, nothing of Bach. The old fellow will be the more eagerly welcomed the next time. In place of him we had the splendid Schumann Concerto again, placed at the beginning, while all were fresh, so that its length did not dull the sensibility to its beauties. And, better still, what almost everybody would have asked for had he dared, a Beethoven Sonata,—one of the most thoroughly poetic and romantic of them all, that Sonata in D minor, concerning which and the other in F minor called the "*Appassionata*," Beethoven said to some one curious about the origin: "Read Shakespeare's *Tempest*." How much of the "*Tempest*" may be traced in it, depends on the ingenuity or fancy of the student. All that we feel with certainty is, that the spirit of the music and the spirit of the play are one; they leave a wonderfully like *feeling* in the mind. It is the same sort of enchantment, though the language and the action differ. How wild, tempestuous and billowy, how full of awe and marvel, is the first part! You may fancy, if you please, that you hear the pleading voice of Miranda in those human bits of recitative after the repeat. The stately, full-franç, deep Adagio is at least in keeping with the wisdom and moral majesty of Prospero, and the sublime sentences oft quoted from his lips. The Finale is the airiest of inspirations, graceful and fine and free as Ariel. But it is idle to carry the correspondence into any detail. Never have we heard the Sonata so poetically rendered as it was, its delicate life so clearly liberated from all clogging thought of notes or mechanism; and we are sure that to the greatest number that was the most quickening and most satisfying thing of the whole evening. Chopin's "*Krakowiak*" lost nothing of its piquancy and brightness by this repetition.

The four smaller pieces by Chopin were delightful. The *Etude* in G flat, a rapid, sparkling figure carried through in octaves, seems to play upon the walls like dancing sun-gleams from the water. The *Impromptu*, in F sharp, with its thoughtful opening in which the chord of the ninth is so characteristic, then the sudden change to a bold martial motive in D, then the rapid, liquid, running variation, surprised and charmed alike by its originality and by the masterly perfection of the execution.

The glory of these concerts goes out with the old year,—but, like that, to be renewed, we trust. Mr. Dresel's fifth and last concert, skipping Christmas Eve, will be given on Saturday evening, Dec. 31.

**CHRISTMAS MUSIC.** True to the good old custom, the Handel and Haydn Society will perform Handel's "*Messiah*," not only this evening (Christmas Eve), but to-morrow (evening of Christmas) also. And to add interest to repetition, they have engaged different solo singers for the two performances. To-night we have the old favorite and Queen of Boston Oratorio, Mrs. ELLIOT, (formerly Miss ANNA STOWE) in the great soprano solos; there will be great interest to hear her voice after so many years of residence in another city; also that delightful singer, Mrs. M. H. SMITH, Miss RYAN, contralto, Mr. WHEELER, tenor, and Mr. WHITNEY, bass. Tomorrow evening, these (except Mr. Wheeler) will be replaced by Mrs. LONG (another of the long withdrawn), Mrs. J. S. CARY and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN. ZERRAHN conducts, as usual, and LANG rolls in the floods of the Great Organ behind the mighty choruses; SCHULTZE will lead the orchestra.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS." Here it is! Number One, January, 1865, of the Illustrated Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls, which Ticknor & Fields have been promising to Young America. And it comes with such a radiant, handsome, happy, wholesome, generous face, so full of intelligence and entertainment, so trustworthy and good, so moral without intrusive sentimental moralism, that all we children, young and old, feel we have got a new friend. Blessed be they, and are they, who know how to write for children. And here the "Atlantic" publishers have brought them together and set them to work under the inspiration of the pleasantest surroundings; for what an attractive exterior the young Monthly has! how elegant in paper and print, how beautifully and copiously illustrated, by the best designers, such as Darley, how tasteful and refined in its whole aspect, (assuming, very properly, that all American children shall be young gentlemen and ladies); and then how large and generous in quantity! The vignette on the outside is really artistic. Inside we have a fine steel portrait, full length, of capital friend of boys, the author of "School days at Rugby." Then there are fairy and giant pictures, patriotic pictures, pictures of travel and adventure, &c., &c., illustrating admirable articles.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe leads off with a pretty narrative called "Hum, the son of Buz." Lucy Larcom sings the young "Volunteer's Thanksgiving," brave and glad-hearted, though away from home and turkeys. "Thumbling," of course, is little Thumb, and of course, outwits a giant and marries the king's daughter; this purports to come from the *Finnish*. Gail Hamilton overhears and tells the life of the little people of Leaf-land, under the title of "The Red Coats." J. T. Trowbridge's patriotic little poem, "The Color Bearer," has poetry and vigor. Dr. Dio Lewis gives good hints about health, with pictures of boys in all sorts of postures. Carleton begins "Wining his Way," which as a real live boys' story would be hard to beat. But we can not name all, and there is Mrs. L. M. Child yet to come; and Miss Alcott, and Rose Terry, and Whittier, the poet, and no end of wise and clever and counsellors and entertainers, bards and sages and romancers, whose own hearts are fresh and childlike.

We are almost alarmed to find ourselves enjoying this young Magazin so much; it makes us suspect ourselves too near the second childhood of old age. But is it not the best test of such story-telling that, while it interests the children directly, it interests grown people indirectly and directly too? Here is a happy hit for a beginning, we are sure. The book is as good as music; it rings with the frank, fresh, merry voices of children; it is brave and wholesome in its tone; it has the sparkle and the sweetness of clear cold winter days; and therefore is well-come at Christmas!

**MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS; BIRDS OF PASEO.** (*Crowded out last time*). The list recorded as in prospect, in our last, furnished a few pleasant notes.

1. We gladly recognized a most agreeable baritone in Mr. CAMPBELL; a rich, telling, unctuous voice, with ripe and easy style, and a certain aplomb, both in singing and in personal bearing, which we are sure would make their mark in the best comic operas. Mr. CASTLE's tenor, too, has gained in firmness, evenness and roundness, and he sings so well that we try in vain to recall an American tenor who can dispute the palm with him. Miss STOCKTON was not in voice; and the selections were quite humdrum: Verdi, Verdi, Balfe, Balfe, Verdi, Balfe, and so on.

2. Sig. MORELLI (one of the few good Don Giovanni) is an excellent baritone, especially in comic pieces like Figaro's *Largo al Factotum*. Miss LUCY

SIMONDS, young and slender, both in voice and person, has a very flexible and rather high soprano, trained to great agility in florid airs like *Qui la voce*, the *Faust* waltz, &c., but distressingly afflicted with the chronic *tremolo*, screamy in the highest tones; true in intonation; style mechanical. And we must protest against such heavy and mechanical accompaniment as Sig. MUZIO's; how can a delicate wildflower of song thrive under such hard wheeling of the dusty highway! Mr. GOTTSCHALK was as usual.

3. We own to being much charmed by the singing of Miss LAURA HARRIS. A youthful, pretty, petite person, she has a small, but musical, penetrating, and so to speak, elastic soprano voice, always true, and with very facile and expressive execution; and she sings as if she dearly loved it, from a bird-like uncontrollable impulse of song. Her manner is uncommonly natural. Miss BLANCHE CARPENTER, too, a pupil of Wm. Mason, surprised us by the remarkable perfection of her pianism. And Mr. FARLEY, from Dublin, for some time in the German Opera, a man who looks not unlike Salvi, showed himself, in *Il mio tesoro*, much more than an average tenor; a sweet, firm voice, and refined style. Boston desires more of their acquaintance.

**WORCESTER, MASS.**—The *Spy* understands that arrangements have been completed for a series of five grand choral concerts at Mechanics Hall during the present winter, which will bring out the great power, beauty, and variety of the Worcester Organ, in connection with a heavy chorus. Four of the series will be given under the auspices of the Worcester Mozart Society, and one by other eminent musical talent. The Mozart Society will perform Handel's Oratorio of the Messiah at Christmas, and the Oratorio of the Creation on the evening of our annual Fast, with full organ accompaniments by Mr. B. J. Lang, organist of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society. The intervening concerts will be of a miscellaneous character, yet of the same high order of merit as those first named. The programmes will contain a great variety of choruses, quartets, duets, solos, and organ pieces from Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and other distinguished composers.

**PHILADELPHIA.** The last programme of the Germania Orchestra "Rehearsals" was as follows:

1. Overture, <i>Le Roi d' Yvetot</i> .....	Adam.
2. Song, Parting, <i>Cornet Solo</i> .....	Boettger.
3. Waltz, <i>Hymen's Festive Sounds</i> .....	Lanner.
4. Second Part of Symphony No 2 .....	Beethoven.
5. Overture, <i>Melusina</i> .....	Mendelssohn.
6. Second Finale from the <i>Merry Wives of Windsor</i> .....	Nicolai.
7. Galop, <i>Ching Kong</i> .....	Toller.

**CINCINNATI.** The first "Concert de Salon" of Messrs. KUNKEL and HAHN took place Dec. 8. Their programme contained Beethoven's piano and violin Sonata, No. 1, op 12; tenor solo, "Thro' the forests," from *Freyschütz*, sung by Mr. E. M. Powers; Liszt's 2nd Polonaise (in E); Prume's *La Melancholie* (violin solo); three piano solos (Jaell's arrangement of the everlasting "Faust" march, a *Gondellied* of Mendelssohn, a *Danse rustique* of Schulhoff); a cello solo, "Last Rose," &c., by Matter M. Brand; tenor song, "The Recognition," by Proch, and Trio (piano, violin and cello) by De Beriot.

**ST. LOUIS PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.** The second concert, under the direction of E. SOBOLEWSKI, was given Nov. 24, with this programme: Overture to *La Gazza Ladra*; Chorus "All we like sheep," Handel; Mendelssohn's D-minor Concerto (piano); Septet from Lortzing's "Two Hunters;" Overture to "The Secret Judges" (*Vehmgericht*), by Berlioz; Introduction and Bridal chorus from *Lohengrin*; Adagio and Minuet from Haydn's Symphony, No. 8; Cavatina by Mercadante; Finale of "Autumn" in Haydn's "Seasons."

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A jolly negro song, more like those that are really sung at the south than the generality. The words are nonsense of course, but the music is very taking.

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E. L. Blanchard. 30

A "horrible tale" surely, intended as a solemn warning to us all, not to have the blues. The music is striking and animated.

Make your home beautiful. Song and Chorus.

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F. Boott. 30

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